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IS ISSUED  
FRIDAY MORNINGS.  
BY  
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## BECAUSE.

"Good-morning, pretty maid, whose eyes  
The brightest stars outshine.  
I'm come to beg, my love, to choose  
For my Valentine."  
"And why should I choose you, and why?"  
The pretty maiden made reply.  
"Because I have a goodly house  
Set 'mid the choicest lands,  
Where you may reign, served faithfully  
By willing hands and hands."  
"That is, I think, no reason why."  
The pretty maiden made reply.  
"Because I can on you bestow  
The loveliest things to wear,  
Gay silken robes and laces fine,  
And jewels rich and rare."  
"That is, I think, no reason why."  
The pretty maiden made reply.  
"Because I love you, oh! so well,  
So tender and so true,  
I'll watch you in every care,  
My darling shelter you."  
"Ah! now I see the reason why."  
The pretty maiden made reply.  
"So take my heart, dear youth for thine;  
I choose thee for my Valentine."  
-Foster's Bazaar.

## THE HAUNTED BRIDGE.

Superstition in the Highlands of  
Scotland.

There are probably few readers who  
are not familiar, to a greater or lesser  
extent, with the well-ventilated subject  
of superstition in the Highlands of Scot-  
land. There are few mountain coun-  
tries throughout the world that are not  
rich in lore and legend relating to the  
supernatural; their very configuration  
suggests that agencies more than ordi-  
nary have been employed in shaping  
out their features. It is curious to notice  
how very largely the demoniac theory  
enters into the calculations of the peas-  
antry. For one fairy glen or knowe  
there are a dozen devil's mills, bridges,  
caldrons or punch-bowls; in fact, it is  
almost always the beings that are sup-  
posed to be baleful and inimical to the  
human race that have had their person-  
ality perpetuated in these legends. This  
is mainly because of the incongruous;  
but as this is not a treatise on demonol-  
ogy, we are content to leave it so.

Superstition is part of the being of  
the mountaineer. Brave even to rash-  
ness, he will face the natural dangers  
that beset his life—in the torrent, on the  
peak, or in the forest; he fears no odds  
when he meets his foe. As for the  
man, who can tread the dizzy ledges on  
the face of a precipice, who can hurl  
himself on leveled steel, is more timid  
and frightened than a child when he  
conceives that forces other than earth-  
ly are being brought to bear on him. It  
is partly the style and manner of his  
life that he owes all this. He is brought  
more into the presence of nature than  
his neighbor of the plains; he becomes  
imbued with the spirit of his surround-  
ings; the deep dark gloom of the woods,  
the loneliness of the mountain solit-  
udes, the voices of the storm and of  
the torrent, and of their reproduction in  
the echoes, appeal to him; and a poet-  
ical imagination begotten of such an  
existence finishes the process. Thus,  
the roar of a waterfall in its dark chasm  
becomes to him the howlings of some  
demon imprisoned among the rocks; the  
sighing of the winds through the forest  
trees is caused by the passage of spirits;  
the mists that curl around the moun-  
tain peaks and are wafted so silently  
across crest and corrie are disembodied  
ghosts; and the sounds that break the  
silence of the night are the shrieks  
and yells of fiends and their victims.

This brings me to my story. I fancy  
that most of my readers are acquainted  
more or less with the scenery of the  
Highlands; but in the case of by far the  
larger number of them I venture to say  
that such acquaintance extends only to  
the Highlands in their summer or their  
autumn dress. If so, they only half  
know them. Brave is the tourist who  
ventures amid the bays and glens when  
rude King Bores looms it over them;  
when winter's wind roars down the  
gorges of the hill, staggering the stal-  
wart trees, and the snow-flakes in the  
leaves and the snow-flakes in the des-  
olate woods. When icicles hang from  
the hoary rocks, and the deep drift  
chokes up the ravines, mantles the  
slopes of the corries and bends in cor-  
nices over the threatening cliffs; when  
the winds roar through the plain—  
brown and swollen; when the pariahs  
are leaping and raving among the  
boulders; when the mountain hare and  
the ptarmigan are white as the snow  
that harbors them, and the deer, driven  
from the hills by stress of weather,  
shivers in the hillsides. It was the  
woods; and the mountain fox leaped  
cain and prowls around the farm and  
the sheepfold—then, if you would enter  
into the spirit of loneliness and solitude,  
take your way to the Highlands. Do  
not imagine, however, that such is their  
condition during the whole of winter;  
the country is not so dreary as that;  
a particularly black picture, and it was  
in very much better weather that, two  
or three years ago, I went north in De-  
cember, on a visit to some friends in In-  
verness-shire. The particular part of  
the country I stayed in does not mate-  
rially differ from my adventure, so I shall  
not disclose it.

## HUBBARD CREEK MILLS

CLARK & BAKER, Props.

Having purchased the above named mills of  
E. Stephens & Co., we are now prepared to fur-  
nish any amount of the best quality of

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ever offered to the public in Douglas county.  
We will furnish at the mill at the following  
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No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 2 sides - \$32.00 M  
No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 4 sides - \$38.00 M  
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237 & 239 Wash. Street, Chicago, Ill.

sums untold would they cross the bridge  
after nightfall. On the present occa-  
sion, as I had been foremost among the  
skeptics during the story-telling, I  
felt my reputation at stake; and  
declaring I would on no account re-  
main, I gave orders to have my pony  
brought round. The whole party came  
to the door to see me start—the eld-  
ers inveighing against my foolishness in  
setting off at that time of night; the  
young people plying me with horrors  
and telling me to be sure to come  
round next morning—if alive—and give  
an account of my adventures. To an-  
swer a merry reply, and lighting my  
pipe, swinging myself into the saddle,  
and shouting "Good night," I cantered  
off down the avenue.

For a couple of miles the road led me  
down a deep wooded glen. On both  
sides the mountains towered aloft to a  
height of more than two thousand feet,  
their lower slopes thickly clad with pine  
and birch, their shoulders and summits  
white from a recent heavy snowfall.  
The river poured along tumultuously,  
course beneath the road, swirling past  
frowning cliffs, breaking and dashing  
and battling with heaps of boulders, foot-  
ing in sheets of glancing foam over cas-  
cade and rapid. By daylight the scene  
was sufficiently grand and impressive;  
illuminated as it now was by a faint  
moonlight, it was much more so. The  
night was calm and slightly frosty; but  
the stars shone brightly, and the moon  
and from time to time the moon was  
observed by the flying clouds. The  
play of light and shade brought about  
by this was very beautiful; at one mo-  
ment the shaggy hillsides and deep  
pools of the river were plunged in  
shadow; at another a flood of light from  
pale glory poured over them, painting  
the rushing stream with silver, shoot-  
ing shafts of light among the tall trees,  
tracing mosaics on the dark surface of  
the road. Each clump of ferns, each bush and stump,  
looked uncommonly clear and bright,  
no great stretch of imagination to con-  
vert the boulders and reefs of rock out  
in the stream into waterfalls and kelp-  
ies. The rush and roar of the river  
drowned all other sounds; but with the  
exception of the echoing tread of my  
pony and the occasional bark of a fox  
from the hill there was no other sound  
to be heard. On my way down the glen I  
passed a few scattered cottages, but  
their occupants were long ago in bed,  
although it was not much past ten  
o'clock.

The wilder part of the glen ended in a  
fine pass, where the hills towered al-  
most straight up from the river, and the  
pines threw so deep a shadow that for  
a few yards it was impossible to see  
the road. Just beyond the mountains  
retreated to right and left, and through  
a short and level tract of meadow-land  
road and stream made their way down  
to the shores of the loch. Ahead of me  
I could see its broad bosom glancing in  
the moonlight, and the great snow-clad  
mountains beyond it. As the improved  
condition of the road now made rapid  
progression easier, I gave the pony his  
head and he went on at a steady pace,  
promised soon to land me at my des-  
tination.

There was only one thing that  
troubled me—the haunted bridge. Once  
past it, and I should thoroughly enjoy  
my moonlight ride. I do not know  
whether it was the thought of the ghost  
stories with which we had beguiled the  
hours after dinner, and which now kept  
recurring to my mind in spite of all ef-  
forts to the contrary, or whether it was  
the solemn and impressive scenery I had  
passed through in the glen, that had  
unstrung me, but the fact was, I found  
the bridge the more uncomfortable I  
felt regarding it. It was not exactly  
fear, but a vague presentment of evil—  
the Highland blood asserting itself. I  
could not get rid of the sensation. I  
tried to hum and whistle, but the forced  
merriment soon died a natural death.  
I was now on the hillside part of the  
road. From the bottom of the glen as  
far as the bridge—about three miles—  
there was not a single cottage; and more  
than a mile on the other side of it lay  
a scattered hamlet. The moon, too,  
which had hitherto befriended me, now  
threatened to withdraw its aid; and  
where clumps of trees overhung the  
road the darkness was deep. The pony  
carried me along bravely—he knew time  
was going home—and in a short time a  
turn in the road showed me, some dis-  
tance ahead, a ribbon of white light  
upon the dark hillside. I drew to the  
stream that ran beneath the fatal bridge,  
stream that ran beneath the fatal bridge,  
stream that ran beneath the fatal bridge.

Better get out of this as soon as pos-  
sible, I thought; and with voice and stick I  
encouraged the pony to increased speed.  
On we went! The roar of the haunted  
stream was loud and near now; the  
gloom increased as we plunged deeper  
into the wood, and the fall of water in  
another minute the bridge would be far  
behind, when, without the least warn-  
ing, the pony shied to one side and  
then stood stock still, quivering all  
over. The shock all but sent my fly-  
ing over his head; but by an effort I  
kept my seat. I had not far to look for  
the cause of the beast's fright. Not a  
dozen yards away were the dimly seen  
parapets of the bridge; and on one of  
them crouched an object that froze me  
with terror. There are some moments  
in which the events of a lifetime pass in  
review; there are some glances in which  
an infinity of detail can be taken in  
quicker than eye can close. This was  
one of them. I do not suppose that my  
eye rested on the terror for more than  
a second; but in that brief space I saw  
what seemed like the upper part of a  
distorted human body, hunched back  
and without legs, with a pair of  
glowing eyes and a red light of fire! I can  
laugh now when I think of my fright;  
but at the moment I remember getting  
the pony into motion somehow with  
stick, bridle and voice, and speeding  
across the bridge like a thunderbolt,  
consciously expecting to feel the  
grip of a clammy hand on my neck!  
Hard, hard we galloped through the  
hamlet I have mentioned; nor did I  
slacken the pace until the lights of my  
abode had gleamed through the planta-  
tion and we were safe and sound in the  
stable-yard.

To make a really good ghost-story  
my narrative should go no further; but  
the sequel has still to be told. I in-  
vented an excuse to appease the  
curiosity of my friends, who naturally  
were anxious to know what had sent us  
home in such a fashion—the pony in a  
lather and myself with a scared, unin-  
telligible expression. I did not want to

tell the real story until I had made  
some effort to unravel it. With this end  
in view I started on foot soon after  
breakfast for my home, intending to  
make a thorough examination  
of the bridge and the course of the  
stream on my way, and to question  
some of the cottagers in the hamlet. I  
was saved the trouble, however. I had  
not gone much more than a mile when  
a roasting trade in ribbons of steam  
toward me a sturdy riddler with a fur  
cap on his head, and a pack of very  
large dimensions fastened on his broad  
shoulders. Such fellows are very com-  
monly met with in the outlying dis-  
tricts of the Highlands, where they do  
a roasting trade in ribbons of steam  
and small wares, besides carrying a  
fund of gossip from place to place. In  
the specimen of the class now before  
me I was not long in recognizing the  
ghost of the haunted brig, and on  
hailing him I was in possession of the  
whole story. "Yes, he was the man  
that was sitting on the bridge about  
eleven o'clock; and was I the gentleman  
that rode past as if all the witches in  
the country-side were at his heels? Faith,  
it was a proper fright I had given him."

"But tell me," I asked, "what on  
earth were you doing there at such time  
of night?"  
"Well, sir, I was very late of gettin'  
across the ferry; and it was a langer  
step than I had thocht doon to the  
village; and I had a guid walk the day  
already, and was tired-like. The brig  
was kind of hoarse, and I was just  
sat down on the dike and had a bit  
smoke o' the pipe. Losh, sir, when you  
cam' scourin' past, I thocht it was the  
deil himsel'; but then I jist thocht it  
was mysel' sittin' in the shadow that  
had frightened your beastie, and it had  
run away like I like, and when I  
cam' the length o' the village, I jist  
had to creep into a bit shed; and wi'  
my pack and some straw I soon made a  
bed."

So here was the whole story. The  
deep shadow on the bridge had pre-  
vented me from seeing the sinner's legs;  
the heavy knap-sack had given him a  
hump-back; the fur cap and the glow of  
the pipe accounted for the fiery counte-  
nance. With mutual explanations we  
parted—he to push his sales in the  
villages beyond; I, to hurry on to the  
home of the glen, where I had my first  
and the liveliest interest in the over-  
night episode—an interest, however,  
which waned to disappointment as I  
proceeded to explain how the ghost was  
laid. I may mention that I omitted the  
"scourin' past" portion of the adven-  
ture. How they will chaff me when  
they read this—*Reviewers' Journal*.

## Quick on His Hind Legs.

A curious little animal is on exhi-  
bition at a fancier's store in this city. It  
is about the size of a small rat, and  
looks like a lilliputian kangaroo. There  
are no forelegs to be seen, although  
there are two, but so small that they  
only become visible when held out from  
the animal's body, to which they closely  
adhere. Its hind legs are just the re-  
verse. They seem of all proportion  
to the gerboa, as the little fellow is called.  
By their aid he can clear a space of  
fully thirty feet at a bound, flying  
through the air like a gigantic cricket  
or bird. In shape they resemble the  
legs of a spring chicken, and at a first  
glance the gerboa looks like a bat which  
has lost its wings. It is native of South  
Africa, and spends the greater part of  
its life in the earth. When burrowing,  
if it should meet a layer of stone, it  
gnaws its way through it with as much  
ease as a squirrel does a hickory nut.  
The natives of that country kill it for  
food by pouring water into its ear, and  
striking it with a stick as it leaps  
out. Its extraordinary leaping power  
—in which the little forearms are never  
used—has also given it the name of  
flying hare.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

## Bryant's Tender Confidance.

The following very pretty anecdote is  
told of the late William Cullen Bryant,  
the poet, by a former associate in his  
newspaper office, which illustrates the  
good man's simplicity of heart. Says  
the narrator: "One morning many  
years ago, after reaching his office and  
trying in vain to begin work, he turned  
to me and remarked: 'I can not get  
along at all this morning.' 'Why not?'  
I asked. 'O,' he replied, 'I have done  
wrong. When on my way here a little  
boy flying a kite passed me. The string  
of the kite having rubbed against my  
face I seized it and broke it. The boy  
lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay  
him for it. I did wrong. I ought to  
have paid him.' This tenderness of  
conscience went far toward making the  
poet the kindly, noble, honorable and  
honored man that he was, whose death  
was felt as a loss throughout the land."  
—*Philadelphia Record*.

At a restaurant the other day  
the antics of a green-looking customer, who  
was twisting up in his chair, and turn-  
ing round in all sorts of contortions, at-  
tracted attention. Approaching him,  
finally, the restaurant man asked in deep  
perplexity: "What do you do that for?"  
For heaven's sake! what is the matter?  
Was it the lobster?" "Lobster be  
blowed!" growled the victim, with well-  
feigned anger; "I'm only taking my  
dessert." "Your dessert?" "Yes, look  
at your bill of fare." We threw our  
eyes over it. It enumerated some dozen  
good things for dinner, and at the bot-  
tom were printed in fair large type the  
words: "For dessert turn over."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

"Times is so hard that I feel like  
holding up a stage," murmured a half-  
faded prospector. And then he  
added musingly, "but what 'ud be the  
use? Nine out of ten of the fellers  
wouldn't have a cent, and the tenth 'ud  
have 'em."—*Denver Opinion*.

An immense chain has just been  
made at Newburyport, Mass. It is two  
hundred feet long and weighs 7,200  
pounds. It is made of two and one-  
third inch iron, and each link weighs  
twenty-five pounds.—*Boston Globe*.

Governor Kinkead of Alaska, says  
it will be impossible to build railroads  
in that country. Alaska is larger than  
all of the United States east of the Mis-  
sissippi River.

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## LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

**Foreign and Domestic.**  
Marshall Magazine is now penniless at  
Madrid.  
A Newburgh, N. Y., boy has been fined  
\$1 for swearing on his oaths.  
Twenty inches of snow fell at St. Vin-  
cent, Mich., on the 6th of April.  
The wheat crop over a large area of  
West Virginia will be a failure.  
Three Pennsylvania railroads have just  
passed into the hands of receivers.  
The Egyptian Government has ordered  
the raising of an army of 50,000 men.  
John W. Mackey has gone to Mexico to  
look after his railway interests there.  
The Rhode Island Legislature has de-  
feated the Biennial Session amendment.  
The young ladies of the Ontario Ladies'  
College have organized two baseball clubs.  
Some 55,000 miners are about to strike  
in England against a reduction of wages.  
Queen Victoria is reported as being per-  
sonally very much opposed to a war with  
Russia.

Among the exhibits at the Crazy Quilt  
Show in Boston is a fire-screen containing  
38,000 beads.  
The Second Adventists of Concord, N.  
H., predict that the end of the world will  
come May 19th.  
Mrs. De Sota, wife of the ex-president  
of Honduras, has bought a house and lot  
in New York for \$210,000.  
On the notification of the County At-  
torney, every liquor saloon in Atchison,  
Kansas, was closed to sell.  
The Postmaster-General has introduced  
in the British Commons a bill fixing the  
rate of telegrams at six pence.  
Grand Army Posts in every part of the  
country have been sending resolutions of  
sympathy to Gen. Grant recently.

The Governor of Victoria has issued an  
order forbidding the entry of foreign ships  
into port Phillip during the night.  
The Supreme Court of Iowa has unani-  
mously decided that every provision of the  
Prohibitory Law is constitutional.  
They are trying to get up a law in Illi-  
nois compelling railroads to reduce their  
rates for accommodations in sleeping-cars.  
A disease resembling cholera has broken  
out at San Felipe de Jativa, Province of  
Valencia, Spain, and the people are panic-  
stricken.  
Mrs. Victoria Morosini Schilling has  
withdrew her suit against her father for  
money deposited in the Hanover Bank by  
him for her use.

In Tallahassee, Fla., a few days ago,  
a couple were married who had only been  
personally acquainted for the brief period  
of ten minutes.  
A perfect skeleton, to which was at-  
tached a ball and chain, was lately un-  
earthed twenty-five feet below the surface  
of the earth near Savannah.  
H. Quinn, a nephew of the Indian  
Agent, who escaped, says fourteen persons  
were killed and many wounded in the  
Frog Lake (Manitoba) massacre.  
It is reported that the negroes near En-  
faula, Ala., are looking for a body of Yan-  
kee soldiers who are expected to mas-  
sacre all the whites who voted for Cleve-  
land.

The twelfth annual Convention of the  
Wyoming Stock Growers' Association met  
at Cheyenne last week. The attendance  
was large. Sixty-seven new members  
were admitted.  
While Joseph Bohman was attending  
to some repairs on the roof of the Gibson  
House at Cincinnati, he caught hold of  
an electric light wire, and was instantly killed  
by the shock.  
Six thousand Canadian troops are sta-  
tioned along the boundary line to prevent  
the American Indians crossing. It is said  
that Riel has 3,000 men and six nine-  
pounder cannon.  
Deseronto, Canada, is said to be lighted  
with gas made from sawdust, a ton  
of which yields 10,000 feet of gas, at a net  
cost, after deducting the value of by-pro-  
ducts, of \$1.60 per 1,000 feet.

On Broadway, New York, between Ca-  
nal and Fourteenth streets